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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1918.

SALVATION

There is a man touring the A.E.F. entertainment circuit with a good speaking voice and the art of using it. At his first appearance the other night he was assisted by an elderly man who played the piano and a couple of ladies who sang. He played a brass instrument half the evening and then interrupted his performance to speak.

formance to speak.

He told a story about a little soldier in barracks who, kneeling beside his bunk to say his bedtime prayers, was hit in the back with a shoe flung by a big, burly soldier, and wound up with a stirring appeal for orthodox Christianity with a

appeal for orthodox Christianity with a request for those of his audience who wanted to come to God to "stand up."

In the story of the boot flinging, we were about to say, of course, the little soldier invites the big soldier outside, thrashes him, and then turns out to be a famous lightweight pugilist. The story made us reminiscent. It took us back to the days of our boyhood literature. We recollected that Jack Harkaway or Diek Merriwell, or some one of our schoolday Merriwell, or some one of our schoolday idols, had done the same thing. In fact the similarity was so pronounced that we personally, doubted if any soldier, pray ing at his hedside, ever was hit in the back with a shoe. And we doubted, too, if the man who told the story knows very much about this Army that he has come to save.

There are a good many men in this Army who hold the helief that a man who

And we have chaptains, men in Army khaki and steel belimets and gas masks. men who stand at our side in the front line—men of God if ever there have been —who not only hold, but were the first to express this conviction.

THE LIBERATORS

Not the least among the thrills experi-onced by the advancing Yanks engaged in wiping out the St. Mihiel salient was the thrill, brought home to them by the wel-come of the redecaned villagers, of being actual freers of soil from German domina tion, actual liberators of people who had long grouned under a detested foreign yoke. It was a new and strange thrill to most

of them, and it left them blushing and shamefaced when the good folks of Thiau-court and the other little towns got through kissing and hugging them. But, after all, this business of liberating is nothing new to the American Army,

Army of ours liberated, with the aid of their French Allies, some thirteen struggling colonies. Later their descendants helped the young republic of Texas to throw off the Mexican yoke. Again it was American fighting men who emancipated the black man. Twenty years ago this summer an American Army brought liberation to the republic of Cuba, now one of our Allies. of our Allies.

From somewhere back in the past we

seem to hear the strains of:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jublice!

Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that sets you free!

Lexington to Lahayeville, the Alamo to Apremont, the story is the same—"the flag that sets you free." It is the particular business of that flag, and of the men who follow it and love it, to win freedom for themselves and for others. So it has been in the past, so it is now,

DOUGHBOY

Once, in a distanct and reckless moment, THE STARS AND STRIPES led the

this blanket nomenclature as being bounded Allied lines, on the one side by General Pershing, and on the other, by our leatherneck cartoonist.

Well, the horse didn't drink. The world and the war have gone blissfully on. An Engineer is an Engineer, an Artillery-

agree to sponsor them.
Anyhow, "Yanks" got over.

ON THE WAR MAP

With a western front which has had "something doing every minute" for more than six months, it has perhaps been the tendency to regard the various outlying fronts as rest areas which are very nice as show places of war but not altogether the real thing.

Anyone who thought so had another think when the news came from far Mace-donia and farther Palestine that Allied troops had gone through the line in each place for gains that are being measured not by yards or single kilometers, but, in one case at least, by the destruction of a

one ease at least, by the destruction of a hostile army.

Actually the side shows have not been such dull exhibitions as they might seem compared to the three-ring stunts being pulled off under the big top. Now, low-ever, they have shown that they are in the war as much as any other part of the show. They are worth watching, even if it is hard to find the places on the map. For they are on the war map, on it strong.

THE INFANTRY

Science and invention have given the modern war much—machine guns, long range artillery, airplanes, tanks, gas. They have added frills, they have made war superficially different, but they have not changed its back forms.

war superficially different, but they have mot changed its basic form.

The greatest instrument of the Army of today, the instrument which stands out conspicuously above all others, is the same instrument which made or broke all armics of history—the infantry.

Everything in an army is subservient to the infantry. The artillery is to break down resistance before it, the tanks are to clear its path, gas is to retard it.

We see a combat airplane in a fight to the death far above us. It is clearing the sky so that observing airplanes can assist the artillery in assisting the infantry. Stevedores at a base port work overtime to unload shells from a ship, engineers rush the shells by train to a railhead, ammunition trains carry them forward to the guns, the gunners fire them to last a path ahead for the infantry, or to throw over a barrage to protect it.

over a barrage to protect it.

Those are just simple examples.
Sometimes the reasoning is more involved
and complex, but it always, in this war as in all wars, leads to the infantry.

in an wars, leads to the infantry.
Plodding their way through rain or
dust, fighting through shrapnel or gas, the
infantry is the sun of the planetary system of the Army. The other services,
highly important as they all are merely

subsidiary planets revolving about it.

The infantry is of that branch of the service which in terms of military science, is defined as "the arm of accomplishment."

SEEING FRANCE

If you're up at the front and all that you can pull in the line of leave for a while is a 48 or 24-hour pass, you can at least got a change of scene and learn something about one of the big centers Army who hold the helief that a man who, with a gun in his hand and a smile on his something about one of the big centers face, takes his chance in the battle line in this war, who faces death for the principles for which we are fighting, is working out his bombed while you're there just to keep you salvation, and that he doesn't have to stand up in an entertainment ball in a back area to accomplish that salvation, either.

And we have chardians men in Army hillerto. hitherto.

If you're able to take your regular leave of seven days plus time on the road (as everybody will be able to in time) you

(as everylody with he are to in time) you can see a lot of the country, and seeing France is eminently worth while.

The mountains and lakes of Savoy, the coast of Britanny, the rumpled up hilly country of Auvergne, known and loved by Lafavette--these are just a few of the places you may visit in turn as your leave times roll round, for more of these leave centers are going to be established soon. As time goes on every well-behaved member of the A.E.F. will have all the chance in the world to get a good clear all-round view of one of the most attractive countries in the world, with travel and hotel till. bills paid by a benevolent and apprecia ive government.

Take it by and large, it is rather worth coming 3,000 miles over a see-sawy old ocean to take in a country such as France, nothing new to the American Army.

In these days of success and of great
endeavor for further success, it is good to
remember that the forerunners of this
Army of ours liberated, with the aid of
their French Allies, some thirteen struggling colonies. Later their descendants escendants Texas to It will do us good, too; and it will cost yain it was

PRISONERS

One of the best means of gauging the extent of the whole series of Allied victories since July 18 is the vast hauls of prisoners that have been made—hauls whose total, within the space of two months, amounted to not quite 200,000. It is so very convenient to judge the extent of a successful operation by such

figures as these that we are apt to put their value higher than it actually is. Two hundred thousand of the enemy, put out of action as definitely and com-pletely as the unnumbered host of the

shin and mutilated represents no mean achievement. But it would be fatal to jump at the highly erroneous conclusion that all we have to do to win the war is to ake the whole German army prisoner-

horse up to the trough and announced with a sprinkling of Austrians and others. that, thereafter, everybody in the Army would be, in our eyes, columns and vocabulary, a doughboy.

We remember that we defined the field of the theorem where the trough and the field of the trough and announced with a sprinkling of Austrians and others. There is no harm done, however, in taking all we can. There is plenty of room for them, plenty of food for them, plenty of food for them, plenty of the property of

ON WHEELS

Motorized America is riding more and more boldly into the fighting zone. It is waging war on the principle that where it is possible to send men into danger, it is possible to send alongside them all the Well, the new world and the war have gone bussess.

An Engineer is an Engineer, an Artilleryman is a Cavalryman and an Infantryman is a Cavalryman and an Infantryman is a doughboy.

So be it. We will say in defense that the decision was made during the time when the but recently defunct 'Sammy' made us desperate. If anybody has any made us desperate. From the Engineers, which has a shortle. From the meals are being taken to men still wringing with

the baths and changes of corting are being taken to men still wringing with the sweat of battle. Front line meals are of easily prepared food, and there is even soluble coffee and solidified alcohol to heat it. The Medical Department is establishing mobile auto-transported hospitals so near the trenches that a long list of once fatal wounds are being treated before their dangerous complications set in.

Gasoline motors and wheels—speed in everything—are all parts of the new science learned from the efficiency of business—efficiency in war.

The Army's Poets

When a feller wearin' eagles Perchin' on his shoulder straps, Poked his head right in th' winder, An' he talks right out an' snaps,

Mighty soon around th' corner Come two scrumptions lookin' cars. An' they wasn't any license On th' first one—'cept four stars.

Then he made a little lectur, Givin' all them Frenchmen thanks. Since they'd acted mighty kind-like In a-dealin' with his Yanks.

Shore he tuk it, smilin' pleasant, Like a gift he couldn't miss— An' th' little maid wuz happy When he pald her with a kiss.

Then he stepped into his auto,
An' he hurried on his way—
While us guys went back t' workin',
Feelin' we had had SOME day.
Corp. Vance C. Criss.—Engrs.

BLACK AND WHITE

I was like the child Who believed there was A Santa Claus But had never seen him, Only

I have seen another world And know it exists.

a nate seen another world
And know it exists.

I used to think that
There was only one world—
A world of
Mud
And bursting shells
Which killed and wounded
Me and my pals;
A world of
Hitzing bullets
And mustard gas,
And cold, sleepless nights,
And no food for days,
And Huns who cried
"Kamerad!"
(When their ammunition was gone),
And fithy clothes,
And cooties
And coot I know that there is also

Ang cooles.
But now I know that there is also A world of—
Clean sheets and pajamas.
And good food
And plenty of it,
and kind, gentle women

And pienty of if,
And kind, gentle women
In white
Who give you coon and soup.
The give you make you more than
"C.C." pills.
And peaceful days
Without a single shell.
And peaceful nights.
And officers who wear white collars
And have only heard of cooties.
And visitors who sit on your bed
And murmur "How thrilling."
And street cars and taxis.
And buildings without
A single shell hole in them,
And everything
I only dreamed of before.
Gostl but it's a wonderful war—
BACK HERE.

THE OL' CAMPAIGN HAT
more against a battle-sky with swooping pilots lined,
more where charging heroes die my peaked top you'll find,
training camps and peaceful climes the war is not for me,
still I dream of other times and what I used to be.
Mauser crackles once again—the smoky Springfield roar

Manner crackles once again—the smoky Springfield roar

used to be.

The Mauser crackles once again—the smoky Springfield roar Avenues those who manned the Maine upon the Cuban shore.

Fedora-style I did my bit in jungle sun and

I've heard retreating yowls of scorn from herds of Spiggot races. The Rio Grande and Vera Cruz—I knew them like a map.

And now it looks as though I lose—the jackpot To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

How happy I shall be, O mother mine. If only, after our hard fight is won. My part, though small, shall license you speak

With pride of him who is your son It matters not if I am at your side
To comfort you and ease your ripening years
For though you grieve the loss of him you
loved.
Pride, then, will quickly vanquish sorrow's
tears.

It matters only if, midst sharpnel's scream,
And bullets, gas and ravages of Hun.
That I whom you have reared with tender love.
Shall live or die as you would have your son.
Corp. L. H. Pillien, Inf.

Perhaps the story told most frequently in the citations accompanying the award of the Distinguished Service-Cross is the story of utter unselfishness, of single-hearted devotion to the dangerous task of ministering, under enemy fire, to the wants and needs of others. This principle of utter unselfishness, of the story of the said to be at the bottom of every act for which the coveted decoration is awarded.

Take, for example, the case of Private Carl W. Dassch, of the Headquarters Company of a certain Infantry regiment, who won his Cross for extraordinary heroism in action near Sergy, he told the prisoners and two machine guns and

which they needed, that made the deed what it was.

Among the posthumous awards of the Cross, awards to men who gallantly made the attempt to succor others in distress and who failed only with the spending of their lives, the same principle stands out. It is written after the name of Private Charles J. Kane, D.S.C., and after that of Private John Turano, D.S.C., both of the Infantry:

Attempting to bring his captain, who was lying wounded and exposed to fire, to shelter near Vaux, I July, 1918, he was himself killed, thereby sacrificing his life in an effort to rescue his commanding officer.

Aside from the underlying principle of service to others, the obliviousness to dauger when the lives of comrades can be saved, by running the great risk, another thing stands out amidst the names on the L.S.C. award lists. It is that not a single race that goes into the great meltingpot of races which we call America is murepresented among the gallant and self-sacrificing, and not a single race has a monopoly on the virtue of unselfish bravery.

There are Luxis and Grabinskis, Haltmanns and Kochenspargers, Thomases and Simpsons.

TO FIGHT, TO WORK OR TO WAIT

TO FIGHT, TO WORK OR TO WAIT

By J. W. MULLER.

American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Sept. 28.—Three million square inles from occur to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf, our man-power in one single day came forward and enrolled itself to do whatever America wants done—fight, work, or stand and wait.

We needed no brass bands, no fireworks, no impassioned oratory, no trickery to make ardor. In magnificent quiet they stepped forward from bank and anvil, from plow and cierk's desk, from summer resort and tenment, rich and poor, great and small, a nation composed of the finest, most beautiful material that any land on earth can desire—a nation of the common love for country, for principle and for ideals, ready to surrender everything material that men hold denty willing themselves wholly, unreservedly to the land they love.

If this land is a melling pot, it proved in a few hours on September 13, that the melting has produced pure gold. But that September 13 proved that the United States is something far greater, finer, grander than a more molting pot. It is not "a nation still to be."

If is a true nation, massive, spiritually cemented, and no man who has been so greatly privileged as to live on this one day when 11,000,000 men stepped forward and offered a mution must and will surely endure.

How poor and fattle now seem those voices, once clamorous, that prophesied divisions in a land so huge and heterogeneous! How petty and habbiling seem those who thought that they must awaken this nation of ours! Them the spectacle of this one never-to-be-forgotten day.

THE GREAT AMERICAN THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The proposed of the finest, most beautiful and the proposed of the S.O.S., otherwise known as the ground the state of this one never-to-be-forgotten day.

tion of Base No. —, the S.O.L. section of the S.O.S. otherwise known as the ground section of the Air Service in training in England. We are sometimes known as the Criphes division, owing to the fact that many of us have been turned down for real service on account of physical deficiencies. Despite our ineligibility, we suffer many a pang on reading the accounts of what the Yanks are doing at the front, and we pine for the time when we will become a small part of the forces in France. So some time when you are in a "Cheerlo" from over there and lighten a little the babitual gloom we work in here in Blighty, WM. E. Rollo, 2nd Lt., Sig. R.C.A.S.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

(From the New York Globe, July 2, 1918.)

Of inestimable value as portraying our armies over-seas far more clearly than we could observe them if we were on the ground, and seeing only dissoclated portions, continues to be THE STARS AND STRIPES. Written by Americans, of Americans, and for Americans transplanted in France, it breathers freshness, virility, wholesomeness. It has no polities, no policy, no partisanships, the state of the growing Army—Infantry, Artillery, front-line troops. Training divisions. Service from the New York Globe, July 2, 1918.)

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: At the G.H.Q. Y.M.C.A. there is posted a picture of Marshal Foch, photographed in the splendor of his many medals and decora-

the splendor of his many medals and decorations.

However, some observing doughboy, fresh from under the eyes of the vigilant Marine M.P.'s, has found a flaw in the Marshal's make-up and with eager and bold hand has pointed an arrow to the Marshal's upper coat pocket, which is unbuttoned. At the other end of the arrow he has penesiled in large letters the word "Note."

The Xanks all enjoy the photograph, and Marshal Foch has found a new line of popularity, for all of the soldiers who turn away from the bulletin-board are heard to say something about the Marshal and a good soldier.

Pvt. James M. Darley, Engrs.

Pvt. James M. Darley, Engrs.

PACKAGES

In your issue of August 20 appears the statement that if every man in the A.E.F. were allowed a five-pound package for Christmas it would require 700 cars a day for ten days to transport the gifts from the buse ports.

concerning the number of this agrument 2,500,000. A five-pound package for each of that number would be 12,500,000 pounds, which, divided into 7,000 carlonds, as stated, would give a load of less than a ton per car. I realize fully the difficulty incident on handling packages, but such a statement as that is surely open to question.

Corp. J. M. Nickerson,

—A.T.S. Detch., Stevedores.

YOUNG AMERICA

to will come most strange that men should fear.

Seeing that death, a necessary end.
Will come when it will come.
Pretty good, eh?

Solid FROM BLIGHTY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
The collogy of the S.O.S. in your issue of August 23 was read by all in that loss fortunate branch with much interest. There is a part of the S.O.S., however, that went "unheralded and unsung," and that is our por-

(From the New York Globe, July 2, 1918.)
Of inestimable value as portraying our armies over-seas far more clearly than we could observe them if we were on the ground, and seeing only dissociated portions, continues to be THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official newspaper of the A.E.F.
Written by Americans, of Americans, and for Americans transplanted in France, it breathes freshness, virility, wholesomeness, It has no politics, no policy, no partisunships. It sets out to be a mirror in which all units of that growing Army—Infantry, Artillery, front-line troops, training divisions, Service of Supply men, Medical Corps, Engineers, Stevedores—can see each other and learn what each is doing. It knits them and cultivates esport de corps among the million already in France, with every indication that it will do the same for the millions arriving. And the tone is amazing. There isn't a guess in its latest number as to the length of the war, the crumbling of Austria, the starvation of Germany, etc.—all those wild alarums tormenting us over here and diverting our minds from the single and of nethering our minds from the single and of nethering numins from the single and of nethering are minds from the single and of nethering are minds from the single and of nethering are shown to us as intensely wholesome and almighty human. Even the wounded hop along gaily on the crutch of unfailing humor. A favorite occupation of the American Novel would be born. Well, it is being born now—once a week—and not here, but in France.

to the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES :

G. B. DEALEY, Dallas, Tex. "News."

A GRAVE SOUGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Anyone present at the time of the death of Charles Roger Ellis, of Battery A, — F.A. or who can give any information as to his burial place, will confer a great favor by communicating with Ennest Carter,

Ritz Hotel, Paris.

IN MEMORIAM

(Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, Killed in Action, July 30, 1818.)

The grave does not enclose thy matchless voice flou lyric prince, nor hide the wondrous choice That made thy gifted life a sacrifice To Liberty, and gained thee Paradise.

Grant us who weep at thy heroic death Some passing spark of that divinest breath, Outpouring music to make heaven ring, Where thou, and thy sweet Rose, and angels sing. Chaplain Thomas P. Coakley.

THE STORY THE CITATIONS TELL

THE ORIGIN OF YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES The nickname Yank, as applied to the AEE, soldiery, has something of charm in the tradition of the word. Persons interested in the history of words may have noted with interest a footnote in Cooper's "The Deerslayer."

Interest a rootnote in Coopers "The Deer-slayer."

It is singular there should be any question concerning the origin of the well-known sobriquet of "Yankee." Nearly all the old writers who speak of the Indians first known to the colonists make them pronounce the word "English" as "Yengeese." Even at this day it is a provincialism of New England to say "English" instead of "Inglish," and there is a close conformity of sound between "English" and "Yengeese." more especially if the latter word, as was probably the case, be pronounced short.

word, as was property the ways of the frametion from "Yongcese," thus promounced to "Yankees," is quite to the frametical with "Yankees," and Indian words the frametical with "Yankees," and Indian words have seldom been spet as they are pronmed. . . The liquids of the Indians would easily convert "En" into "Yen."

Bill Huddle, Base Hospital 36.

LEAVE AND LOVE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
As a deeply interested reader of your paper and a great friend and admirer of America. I beg to ask your influence through the columns of THE STARS AND STRIPES to try to change this most unfair order of leaves to Great Britain or Ireland only for those related by ties of blood.

We have had dear friends serving with the United States Army in France since last winter and have invited them to spend their furlough over here with us; the disappointment is very great to all of us that such an order prevents our friends from joining us in our homes.

We sincerely hope that a reversal of this order may be speedilly brough about, enabling American officers and soldiers to lave their furloughs in the homes that are waiting to give them a hearty welcome, and to show our appreciation of what Uncle Sam's boys are doing for us.

As one's fiancée is not a relative, how can an engaged couple meet when the engagement is between an Englishwoman and an To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As one's finncée is not a relative, how can an engaged couple meet when the engagement is between an Englishwoman and an American in France? Why cannot a special permit be granted to the soldier to spend his furlough with her family?

We all fully realize war conditions, but hope that as soon as a favorable opportunity presents itself, these leaves will be spent over here.

E. H. S., one of your Allies.

here. E. H. S., one of your Allies.

[The General Order governing leaves specifically states that leaves for soldiers to visit immediate relatives (father, mother, wife, child, grandparents, brothers, sisters, uncle or aunt), or for other very exceptional reasons may be granted. Obviously the fiancé does not come within the stated category of relatives, although possibly the fiances may properly be deemed an "exceptional reason." This is a poser for the regimental commander to decide. Relative to your query as to how engaged lovers, not being related, can meet, we can only soy: Nous no savons pas, but leave it to love to find the way.—Enror.]

the Cuban shore.

Fedora-style I did my bit in jungle sun and diractive I did my bit in jungle sun and diractive I did my bit in jungle sun and diractive I did my bit in jungle sun and diractive I was a mortal hit, just like the old blue shirt!

I hear the tingling 'Frisco cheers, the squat "Kilpatrick" sway.

As boldly swung we from the piers—Manilia A.E.F. states: "Leaves for soldiers to visit immediate relatives, or for soldiers to visit the system of leaves and furlough in the A.E.F. states: "Leaves for soldiers to visit the system of leaves and furlough in the A.E.F., states: "Leaves for soldiers to visit the system of leaves and furlough in the A.E.F.,

CAESAR'S VIEW

PRAISE FROM TEXAS

were allowed a five-pound package for Christmas it would require 700 cars a day for ten days to transport the gifts from the base ports.

Many and various are the figures we have concerning the number of Americans in France, but let us use for this agrument France, but let us use for this agrument for the property of the property of

WHEN THE GENERAL CAME TO TOWN
We wirk workin' in th' offus—
That is, all exceptin' me—
An' I wuz jest a-settin',
As a orderly should be.

"Who's th' officer commandin' Over this detachment here?" An' th' looey he salutes him, While us rest wuz feelin' queer.

'I am, sir," th' loosy tells him, Wonderin' what th' row's about. 'Pershing's comin' in five minits," Says th' kernel, "all troops out."

Gosh, how we did hurry, For we looked a doggone fright— Some had hats a-missin', An' they warn't a coat in sight.

First we cleaned up in th' offus, Then we swept up in th' street, An' it wasn't many seconds Till th' place wuz hard t' beat.

Next we hunted up our clothin'.

Borried some an' swiped some a
Then th' looey got us standin'
In a line afore th' door.

When th' car had stopped right sudden, Then th' gineral he stepped out, An' without much parley-vooin' He begin t' look about. They wuz lots o' darkey soldiers What wuz lined up in a row, An' he shore looked at 'em careful, Walkin' past 'em mighty slow,

An' th' Frenchmen come a-flockin', An' they couldn't understand Why he warn't a-wearin' medals, An' gold braid t' beat th' band.

All th' peepul started clappin'
When his talk kum to a close,
An' a purty little lassic
Offered him a dandy rose.

TO THE WEST WIND

West Wind, you've come from there, Surely my Girlie Breathed in your truant air— Did you kiss my Girlie? Seemed then a-skeeping she. As you passed merrily? Whispered she aught of me, Dreaming full tenderly? West Wind, turn back your speed; Blow to my Girlie!

And now it looks as though I lose—the juckpot to a cap!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPPS:

It's seldom that an Artillery officer gets an opportunity to delve into the works of Shakespeare, but having been sick in a hospital.
The trade-mark of the Johnnie's gone, but having been more fortunate than others.

A quotation by Caesar caught my eye, and if think it will be equally interesting to other members of the A.E.F., should you feel intile the volument of the A.E.F., should you feel intile the volument of the publish it in your most excellent and interesting paper. Here it is:

WHAT MATTERS

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Cowards die many times before their deathe;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

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A quotation by Caesar caught my eye, and in the twill be equally interesting to other members of the ALE.F., should you feel interesting paper.

Edwards and the solution of THE STARS AND STRIPPS:

It's seldom that an Artillery officer gets an opportunity to delve into the works of Shakespeare, but having been more fortunate than others.

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HE MADE A HIT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

line he would pick up a severely wounded man cach time and carry him through the barrage of Chateau-Thierry, on the 27th of July, and its a diraction. He finally became so exhausted he could not continue his work we that the could not seep, and taxed his physical endurance to the utmost at all times, portant and danger and of exceptional devotion to duty.

Private Dasch might well have argued to himself that he was performing highly important and dangerous duty in carrying his messages back through the enemy burrage, and that it would be folly to try to saddle himself with a heavy, wounded man, unable to help himself, on each trip. He might well have argued that it was the better part of valor to save his strength for the work he had to do, that he would be serving the cause hetter by conserving his health, by santching a little rest when he could.

But Private Dasch let none of those considerations weigh with him. His mates were in need, and he gave them all that was in him mitt he could give no more. Even then he struggled against the inevitable: and perhaps the clause in his citation that hest describes what manner of man he was is: "Yet he had to be ordered to report to the aid station for treatment."

Take another example, that of 2nd Lieut, Elmer T, Doocy, Infantry, awarded his Cross